

Lear At The Rest Home

There's a devil in the red drapes:
the velvet moves until I look
and then hangs straight, like
a fool's hair in gusty winds.

He warms himself in their hell-color,
then repays my willingness to doze
by rolling apples and slithering
scores of snakes at my tired feet.

I see that tired though he be
the old lion must thunder from his throne,
show his claws to evil, end all that needs
an end.

— William Heyen

Cortland, New York

The Nonfragmented Woman

The woman I'll marry
is whole, nonfragmented,
nondepartmentalized —
each part dear, important.

Hair — a becoming fashion,
face — winsome,
eyes big, wide and deep.

Nonmilitant breasts fulfill
harmony of architectural design.

Small ankles, voiceless, climb
gentle grades to reaches of Mons Veneris.

Hands vibrate femininity,
shaming some braggart thighs.

Woman ... enough for a lifespan
to roam, explore, wander
and wonder in calm excitement.

— Archie Rosenhouse

Los Angeles, California